

# Moxy Fruvous, Huge On The Luge

Grandpa hated winter  
Couldn't stand the site of snow  
He got surly and bitter when  
Cold winds began to blow  
Snowflakes made him dizzy  
He hated winter sports  
And he wished ill will  
On little kids  
Building snow ball forts

Snow angels made him vomit  
Snowmen raised his ire  
He said, "They remind me of the Kaiser!"  
As he stoked a melting fire  
Well it rolled round to December  
He always wished he'd ne'er been born  
But that all changed the year  
He got a high-speed luge on Christmas morn.

'Cause he was huge on the luge  
When his cheeks went rouge  
No fluke in a toque  
Sub-zero centrifuge  
Look at grandpa cruise  
Like a demon on the booze  
Not a stooge like Scrooge  
But really huge on the luge

He made himself a luge track  
He packed it down with ice  
He waxed his luge most everyday  
Made sure the blades would slice  
Took sharp turns without slowing down  
That took a lot of guts  
Called himself the northern nugget  
But grandma called him nuts

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Folks came from miles around to see  
This crazy bugger race  
At his Olympic octogenarian  
Frost bitten feisty face  
Then one day, at a time trial  
He broke the speed of sound  
And to this day his beloved luge and he  
Still have not been found

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